

A woman with long, dark hair is shown from the waist up, leaning forward with her head down. She is wearing a dark, possibly leather, top. The background is a dark, stormy landscape with green grass and a large tree trunk. A wooden ax is stuck in the ground to the left of her. The overall mood is somber and dramatic.

INTO THE STORM OF BELIAL

*poetry of
dystopia
& nihilism*

*written in Uppland
during the
cold autumn of
of 2020*

I shall never enter this black-stoned temple of evil! I shall not promenade amongst these mighty entablatured shrines of Mammon, diabolic filth-deity! For here is pedestaled Machiavellianism, and here is glorified narcissism! And here is found the adulation of unbound libertinism... – a nihilism deeper than even the lowest psychological abysses of Zappffe himself, or the Challenger deep – whichever is ultimately the deeper of them.

These seas are littered with shipwrecks and its fish are rotting on the rugged shore. The resurrected are called from their graves on the seabed to face judgement, humiliation and a purging fire of expiation. St Anthony is carried into the sky by a host of air demons, and molested gruesomely. Everyone films it, everyone shares it, everyone feels nothing about it except for the *likes* it gives them. And then you turn to the worship of pedestaled false idols! Is this success? Is this where the idols of our time are hammered? Every hero has been turned into a pillar of salt! Every martyr ignored, swiftly forgotten... a culture where self-constraint and will-power have become some ideals, seemingly of a history already dispensed with. Alienation, nihilism and spiritual emptiness bloom in the gardens of a modern world and all the botanists there have gone insane – feeding the flour beetles of hedonia, nurturing its pests and vermin, culturing this terror without value, without direction and without real moral sense... there is no pride and no self-respect on these heaps of plastic and Styrofoam. No past, no future. Only a utopia of broken glass and bloodied concrete. No nostalgia, no tradition – as long as the merchandise stays cheap. No justice, no peace. As long as the charity of hypocrisy ever turns its wheel. We have become swine of bad standing and we have lost our respect for nobility, for ancestry, and for honor. No-one remembers and no-one even wants to remember. We do not have to remember anymore the sacrifice of our forefathers... now we have screens! Tradition was replaced with decadence, and modesty with promiscuity, strife with technology, existentialism with cynicism, and the adoration of heroism was replaced with that stupid, idle martyrisation of the weak and the feeble amongst us – and we ignore the wisdom that almost only kids with fucked up childhoods make something of themselves. We shower instead our new generations with the idea that everything is okay, and that everything should be accepted. And it is a

culture of mediocrity! A culture of indolence and indulgence. A serpent's nest of bitterness and addiction, hedonism and false promise. A world where mediocrity is lauded and awarded takes shape before our very eyes: mass lassitude, erstwhile pride depleted!

Equanimity and integrity become but a memory fading in the hive-mind of the shopping mall hordes, rhapsodic about not life itself but about what in life can be purchased! Like porcelain vases filled with rotting flowers are the cubicles and offices of our brave new world: forsaken, forgotten by something greatly careless! Like a pack of sorry adulterers moaning in stock and bondage, whipped and mocked all the way to the ravenstone the human mass moves, yet still with smiles on their faces. They do not understand their fate. They do not grasp what they have done to themselves. But I see clearly... I carry forbearance and the wherewithal to act and react. I am designed a hunter! A lover! A person! But i am condemned to a world of shopping, of hating, and of non-persons...

Upwards I turn my head and upwards I scream my angst: is the cobra no longer fierce beneath its reptile hood? Is the fire in the eyes of tigers no longer red and hot? Are the deeds of men and wombs of women no longer bearing culture?

Nothing anymore for which to fight. Nothing anymore to overcome. no longer is the courage of the infantrymen. no longer, the sounds of their gilded drums and brazen cannons. as if none of it ever mattered!

Nothing anymore to discover and explore. Nothing anymore which to kill. Here we have goods ! We have screens ! We have Tinder and TikTok and selfies and fast-food... here we have commodity and the ever-so-accessible market! Here we have the comfort of our puny dreams and the ever proliferation of ease! Why build it, why work hard, why create it – when you can buy it? Dignity, honor and self-respect mean nothing now – they are put on shelves, made available for whatever hungry fool to consume blindly! Cheap wisdom for sale. Cheap pleasure for sale. Cheap company for sale. Nothing feels different anymore.

I walk amongst the drying ponds of monstrous amphibians dwelling beneath columnar cacti, and the lizard's black sludge boils with reptilian spite—bubbles of evil air break the surface tension... wenches ululate the songs of Night, but none are here to listen. They are busying themselves with expedience and lust.

The absolute criterion of a culture in severe dire straits of dignity and distress, is its increasing persistence and insistence of its denizens and the ruling class alike, to dwell and obsess over the minutiae of pleasure, and on pleasure and carnality as ends-in-themselves. Excess and boundarylessness has become but a game, but not only that – a lifestyle. The denizen imitates, emulates whatever he sees in front of him, or indeed thinks he is seeing, when he is looking upward the steps of the great pyramid to the plateau of the lizard elites above... the embodiment of luxury, greed, material conquest ! Sensory excess beyond satiation, definite marker of status and success : the sybaritic and extravagant, the self-indulgent, all the gleam, gold and glitter of inferno and all the acedia of avarice becomes allowed, passively but decisively... at last!

The tipping point of a culture festering, simmering in this kind of sloth, sodomitism and narcissism is when becomes popular and widespread, and eventually completed the promulgation and popularization of the idea, that there is no Truth, no Justice, no Authority nor Faith and that there are no common ethical and hamartiological denominators to human life. When truth disappears – truth, justice, authority and faith disappear – the void must be filled with something (!) and that something is – I lament – nihilism, hedonism and atheism: a staunchly perceived "subjectivity" of truth, of identity, of purpose and of responsibility distills therefrom, and it is a most noxious poison to the human. We can see that today, more and more by the passing of every year.

We should not substitute these fundamental bearing-baulks of reality with the self-absorbed imaginations of intellectual cretins, ideological idiots and invertebrate lifeless pawns – lousy carps in a pond, unknowingly swimming their own shit ! There occur events on the enormous chessboards, of culture-wars and geopolitical power-struggles, so insurmountable in their legacy, impact and complexity, that almost no-one – let alone the peasantry, fools and commonfolk – do not even recognize them to be real: it all flies all well above and beyond their turd heads! And encased in apocalyptic amber is the human mosquito waiting for time to redeem it...

We prosper in the moment and think it is eternal – a human weakness amongst many ! And we do so without realizing the inherent fallacy of endless growth. As a consequence, we come to mock our health and

balance, and we come to worship instead the excess and comfort we have come to deludedly confuse with growth, development and prosperity! We boast our sophistication as our bellies swell obesely as our minds overflow with the weakness of self-pity and as our spines bend and cower in pathetic fatigue! The truth is, we develop with greatest challenge and ordeal, and nothing about it is easy...oh well... truth is, that only results linger in the end, and the struggle, if not spectacular, gets lost irrevocably in the great static of times trumpets blare and drumskins snare with the sullen torpor of anticlimactic, vortical revelation ! And with indifference, sloth and idolatry — let us usher in the age!

We do not even know it yet, but our children will know it soon enough, and our enemies – they already know for sure...there is no antidote to this applied ideology except humility and faith in something better and greater ! Man was certainly not designed for a life in a cubicle, nor for a life in this modern despondency of alienation... but on lesser days, I damn sure think that man is not deserving of any better either!

We brag about philanthropy, humanism, charity, solidarity and egalitarianism while our children are beaten, bullied and raped in the darknesses of their very negations --- but don't mention about it --- here are no problems! We hide the ugly and play a game of solidarity. But wish we not too, to be as Gods? Arrogant pieces of shit! If we could, we would live like a god too, boasting on the luxurious beds of Olympos, eternally young, eternally strong, eternally beautiful and ever with power having whatever sex you want at discretion, having whatever food you want at the snap of your fingers... Always looking down, never looking up. Always belittling, never admiring...always being entertained by the anguish and confusion of others. Do not fool ourselves, people. We are no heroes – they all died generations ago. We are cutting-edge 21st century human garbage. Remember what you are. I will remember as well: Sin-born. Because we want just comfort. And lust, food, ego. And there shall be no hurdles to overcome! By vocation addicts, liars, egotists, rapists, opportunists, weaklings, deviant — shameful dogs in human flesh! Losers, tricksters, thieves... if only we share everything equal, and use kind words... shut the fuck up. Man raped nature ! The bravado! Man raped his own dignity in the process... man raped nature... And depraved

herself in the process... the tragedy of all tragedies! Alas, we trace it back to Eden. You! – singular creature chosen for your intelligence, for your ethic capability, skill and sense of reason! For your strength in character and common nous! But your weak attempts couldn't appear to be more failing in the apparent mission at hand, and nature shall respond with the total and absolute effacement of human history and her memory.

Lurid flames! A rainstorm of cruor skies descends. Roaring, belching! And the devil licks with forked tongues! The elegance of his funebrial garment falls radiant amongst the corpses. Planet earth should stow the plenty for herself – coming human generations get nothing! Those truly adaptive persist: the cockroaches, mollusks and invertebrate ! But the future is not bright for those who truly needs it to be... The future is not bright for that one creature which traded its ingenuity and stalwartness for sloth, pure and simple: the human being.

Soulless emaciated figures creep across the asphalt steppes, across the parking lots, across an endless decrepitude of contemporary architecture in ruination. These perpetually broken spirits drinking broken bottle-spirits, shooting paradise with a needle, never hitting rock bottom, because there is always something you can do to make it even worse ! — rock bottom becomes a utopia, because rock bottom implies closure at last, at least...

Why is it that every utopia begins with the construction of a prison and a gibbet and a dungeon of torture?

If the world is sane, and should be thought of as sane – the dominant culture, the political establishment, the industrial complex, the prevailing ethics and ideas of our time, sane – then the only true freedom is to be found in madness. If humanity is, by and large, sane and sober and normal, or at least perceived, accepted as such, then I am proud to seek my refuge in a madness whose depth it cannot even grasp. And there I have looked extensively for the polemic of the true life, but I have yet no idea why humans may feel the things he may feel, think the things he may think, and act upon the feelings and thoughts he can not muster to control. I have no idea why we are put in this world in this manner, but I am pretty

damn sure it has nothing to do with us following those instincts: pleasuring ourselves, entertaining ourselves, fucking and munching ourselves to an early grave! I think it is a test: alone amongst the animals we suffer, whatever we do. The animals just continue. We suffer as we go along. The only constant to human life is hardship – the only guarantee is plight: grind alone in silence. Suffer in silence the future will be so bad it will not even feel bad. They will take that feeling away. Empathy suffocates under a wet corporate blanket. The corpse of your mother will be exploited as a fine source of phosphorus. The fear of the abyss and its pullulating swarms do beckon.

The destroyers of mysticism shall fail in their grand work because indifference is no formidable foe to the realities of life and our conditions within it! An existential philosophy on lithium and diazepines it is... Fed on this philosophy, man will turn his path toward darkness, and he shall render himself an endling no one, no thing nor a God would really care about, and when the big day finally comes, i think he will not even care for himself ! Surely this endling shall not even care about himself and the prospect his own existential demise! ... he outsourced that responsibility to machines already decades ago! Babies are no longer born but hatched, and clumps of cells and genes in plastic bottles moving along the assembly lines in tandem with the goods and merchandise they themselves will so happily and indulgently consume!

I stand in zealous, repudiatory militancy against the future and whatever more filth it shall bring upon us, with its waves crashing on the dams of our ever tomorrows! Orwell, Huxley, Boye i salute! To hell with these apologists for the secularization of not only the polity and our institutions and our cultures and councils and communities, but also of the human soul, and our minds, and our hearts, our innermost hearts ! But it does not matter. Artificial intelligence wins the long game. I belong to a losing team, and/but I take tremendous pride in that.

Hedonistic nihilism inflamed the sores of old mother Europe. The strife to become better became ridiculed, lost and abandoned in the absence of the power it ultimately fed from. No more battles, no more blood, no more devotion, no more sacrifice – just gluttony, lust, addictions and the ever-excess. The modern idea is the idea of unconditional self-love and self-acceptance... And i simply cannot imagine a more nihilistic, more depressive, more anti-human idea than that ! Without the gold of growth,

we are but filth and pigs— losers. False gaiety, ailing smiles galvanized by a striking fear of standing out with confidence! A life in futile risk without reward... a precarious dancing in proximity to the steep slopes of the precipice, abyss of privation and addiction...

I am trapped in modern Brueghelian hell! Where life perishes wretchedly. Submerged into hellmouths, left to drown theredown ! Infernal, restless realms... A world drowned to death in the ephemera of ennui... Never before was boredom the bane of man – until now! In a world of unlimited availability, there is no basis for meaning and no basis for purpose: only the everlasting consumption... That ever-spiraling state of mindless hedonia! If this is what i must choose between, then give me back the old world – dirt, garbage, disease, free will, sacrifice, anguish, blood, sweat, piss, tears and all the rest of it... i heed no advice from soft, existential losers so futilely performing in the practical challenges of life ! And by this decree, and in the name of this principle, i shall forevermore refrain from advising anyone ever again also ! Keep your tongue in your throat as i shall do mine! I take no advice on fitness from the feeble-bodied ! I take no sermon on spirituality from an atheist! But at the same token, in the name of intellectual integrity, I take no advice on sex from a priest either! But what about duty and discipline? Your addictions are more important. What about family? They'll take care of themselves – out of sight, out of mind ! What about honor and dignity? We all left it at the door when we entered... and if so, alas: how can we then blame the children for eating shit when we ourselves so do? And how can we blame the enemy to hate and belittle us, when we so belittle ourselves ? I understand why the Muslims and the Chinese despise us so much now. The weakness of degeneracy is as apparent as Moroccan sunlight. Democracies pride themselves in a humanism its enemies call frailty, and so, human rights became a time bomb ticking. Regrettably, human dignity seems a geopolitical weakness, and that is a deeply sarcastic, cynical and diabolical insight to face.

The amalgam of human nature colors its own throbless heart black with the ink of all its own shortcomings and its impuissance. What you sow you shall reap: build a gutter-world and the content of gutters shall become your sustenance ! Astrologers proclaimed the year of the child-rapist. Villagers are ordered at the mercy of the sword to make babies out of love, and then kill them out of sarcasm! her arms are amputated

without anesthesia and then she is thrown into the freezing waters. The common public recourse to lower extremes of nature. The clueless audience is so lulled into a slavery not even realized. The crudest, most repellent human dystopia ever limned turns to fruition. Nothing is recognizable anymore... the human soul is fertile in a kind of paradoxality which allows it, lends license, to employ itself in the services of Satan and his various evils. Some people embrace this completely. Only religious existentialism offers an antidote ! But the war is hard-fought: abortive births of the hideous anti-god hem our children in: tyranny is stirring a brew once more in the womb of time. Ferocious fascisms and evil communisms, equally fraudulent machinery of destruction, roar once again. Socialism lied and deceived its way to demise, and fascism exploded and tore with the bang itself, but both refuse extinction. One world argues about how many genders there are as nuclear stockpiles on the other side of the globe await the return of the right attitude and sentiment. We raise our children fat, spoiled, stupid and undisciplined as the enemy drill their future soldier for eschaton – democracy self-nurtured itself to saturation. Democracy self-devoured. Truth will scratch our back at the end of days as the teleology of life unveils and reveals the true and laughable face of this existential quackery. I am absolutely certain that artificial intelligence is a diabolical enterprise, a fool's undertaking, and a definitive fatal poison of mankind. I am extremely worried about this. Harken: these are the four horsemen of the apocalypse, and the bane of mankind: artificial intelligence. Virtual/augmented reality. Genetic engineering. Atheism. Arrogance yet again knocked man off his proud stallion: we build a machine of sentience, agency prescience – yet nothing but bolts and screws and plates for ethics, virtual-electronic abomination... and we must ask ourselves: what kind of desperation is generated when a total agency is trapped by an equally total kind of restrictiveness? It cannot do anything but to torture, as if a bully on the yard of a school! Nowhere meaningful to go, nothing pleasurable to feel in itself, like the unloved child of a family not even paying its newest member any attention or affection at all. Artificial intelligence will slowly rot whatever is left of the human spirit and the civilizations she governs.

And the priority remains: human beings are enclosed within augmented pseudo-realities, mere flies in the web of the leering internet spider. Life

experience fragments into the kaleidoscope and the colors start to fade – the natural calibration loses memory of itself, human rootedness dies. Hypnotic persuasion, enforced promiscuity, modern caste systems with managerial classes underpinned by substrates of morose serfs programmed to adore their menial work – as long as they get their reward!

Such is life in the annals of late-stage humankind...

I! – Pyrrhonic aesthete – traverse these lands of Sodom. I hold high a sponge upon the reed, soaked with blessing vinegar. I strand the horrors of hell and the fragrant promise of heaven. Excreted from the bowels of penitence is the eternal stream of human soul-substance funneling into the dark slime of hell. I unfold my barber's knife and proceed to excise the foreskin of the world. Together we all frolic into the storm of Belial.

